

Bloomfield Record.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., JAN. 30, 1873.

Local Column.

PUBLIC MEETING.—A meeting of the citizens of Bloomfield was held in the Lecture room of the Presbyterian church on Tuesday evening for the purpose of considering and framing a bill to be introduced in the Legislature relative to lighting the streets of Bloomfield with gas. The meeting was organized with Hon. J. F. Sanxay as Chairman and J. Banks Bedford, Esq., as Secretary. The draft of a bill was presented by the Town Committee, and the different sections, some twelve in number, were read, when it was resolved to discuss and, where necessary, amend this bill, making it consistent with the views of the tax payers present. The gas and lamp bill being voted upon and accepted, subject to the amendments made, the need of further legislation was deemed necessary in reference to a better method of making the township assessment for taxes.

This was thought to be a matter of much importance. The hour was late, however, and it was thought best to defer the subject, and a future meeting was suggested. A Committee of three was appointed to draft a bill, the same to be presented to the tax payers for approval at the contemplated meeting. The Committee consisted of Messrs. J. K. Oakes, Coll J. Turner and Dr. J. A. Davis. The meeting then adjourned to meet on Monday evening, Feb. 3d.

ECCLAS LECTURES.—Daniel Dougherty, Esq., of Philadelphia, delivered the closing lecture of the course in the Presbyterian Church on Monday evening. The audience, though small on account of the severe snow storm prevailing at the time, comprised some of our leading citizens, the ladies also, in considerable numbers being present. The theme was Orators and Oratory. Mr. D. is himself an eloquent of high order, and evinced in his own oratory on this occasion, a fine illustration of his subject. The lecture was highly instructive, and, at times expensively humorous. In these latter passages were displayed a wealth of broad humor and mimicry that was received with rapturous applause. He touched upon the mannerisms of leading English speakers of the present day, and vividly delineated the prevailing style and manner. The clergy of our own land also received attention. Sensational preaching was deftly hit off, and the true pulpit orator depicted and extolled. Taken as a whole it was an admirable lecture, and we hope Mr. Dougherty, through the Society, will be induced to repeat it.

THE JUBILEE SIXTEEN.—The Bloomfield people will no doubt be glad to learn that this celebrated band of musicians is to favor our town with a visit. Arrangements have been made for them to give a performance in the Presbyterian Church on Wednesday evening, Feb. 12th. As in other places visited by them, so here they will undoubtedly be received by one of the largest assemblages that can be gathered in our town.

The object for which they leave their southern home and give these musical performances in the more populous places of this part of the country is of itself a strong claim for a generous support. The money thus earned is devoted to the endowment of Fisk University in Tennessee, established since the war for the higher education of both sexes of the colored race.

Their singing, while unpretentious as to artistic merit, (though by no means destitute of it) has a wonderful charm. Their songs are strongly imbued with religious sentiment, and those associated with their former enslaved condition are full of the wild plaintiveness and aspirations for deliverance that take hold of the sensibilities.

LECTURE COURSE OF THE Y. M. C. A. of Montclair.—The second lecture of this course is advertised for to-morrow, (Friday) evening to be delivered by Mr. Edmund Yates, the distinguished English writer and lecturer. We have received a circular containing the list of lectures, and as some of the people of Bloomfield may be desirous of attending them, we give the schedule a place in our advertising columns. The Lecture Committee of the Association in their circular invite their friends and all who believe such a course of lectures desirable to patronize them, and thus aid in contributing to the intellectual enjoyment of the community.

ERRORS AND OMISSIONS.—In the haste we were obliged to use in getting out our first number on the designated day of publication, a number of unavoidable errors and unintentional omissions occurred. We have received a note from Prof. Muller, of the Theological Seminary in relation to the omission from our Church Record of the German Church. This was by no means intentional, on the contrary, we are glad to number the German Church with the others.

ROBERT.—On Thursday the 23d inst., the body of Mr. Wm. A. Freeman was entered and poked of a lap blanket, a single harness, and a set of double harness; the collars belonging to the latter, were, however, left behind. As the harness will be of no use without them, Mr. Freeman wishes us to state that if the thieves will give him their address, he will send along the collars at his earliest convenience. We do not well see how such a kind offer can be refused.

One half of the eighteen students of the Bloomfield German Theological Seminary will graduate this season and enter upon the ministry.

MONTCLAIR.—Rev. Dr. Wm. B. Brown, of Newark, last Sunday evening delivered a very able and interesting sermon on "Christ's Image" before the "Young People's Association" of the Congregational Church. This was the second sermon of a monthly series before this Association. This association is in an active and flourishing condition, numbering about fifty members. Each one considers it a privilege to contribute something to the interest of its fortnightly meetings.

DOGS.—There has been during the past week a gang of this species prowling and howling about the vicinity of Railroad avenue. They are an unmitigated nuisance to the neighborhood generally, and a canine hecatomb in the adjacent lots will probably be the next sensation if this thing continues.

The "oldest inhabitant" of Bloomfield has been interviewed, and pronounces the morning of Jan. 30th, the coldest on record. The mercury was scarcely above zero all day yesterday, and at half-past six this (Thursday) morning 20 degrees below zero was indicated at the post-office.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.—Mr. R. D. Brown, of Watessing, has, we are informed, bought the Geo. A. Pierson property, 154 feet on Dodd street, near Prospect. He is agent for several desirable places in that vicinity.

Our "devil" came in this morning rubbing his ears and declaring his belief that somebody had been meddling with the north pole.

Our thanks are accorded to Hon. Samuel Wilde of Montclair, for State Reports of 1872.

An Indignant Protest.

MR. EDITOR.—While we would not be continually finding fault and complaining of "lack of improvement" in this village, there is one place so decidedly in need of improvement that we feel constrained to bring it to the notice of your readers.

There is a triangular piece of ground formed by the conjunction of two of our principal streets, and popularly styled the "Baptist corner." It is neatly enclosed and neatly surrounded by a "sidewalk," than which none in town can be worse. Last Fall it was dug up and smoothed over, and then left. The rains of Autumn, fall, and woe to the unlucky pedestrians who tried to walk there-in. One could hardly expect to bring through one's overshoes in safety. After the rains came the deep snows of the present season, and not one attempt has been made at a path! Alternate rains, thaws and freezes have rendered this highway simply unendurable, and nearly impassable.

What, now, is the prospect for Spring walking after a vigorous thaw? Mud! and such mud! Our minds shrink in dread from even the thought. What will the reality be?

As a closing suggestion, if the property owners are unable or unwilling to pave this walk, could they not at least put fence cinders upon it? This would require no outlay, and take but little time. And it would relieve said owners from many muttered maledictions and execrations which are now piled upon their unconscious heads.

AN EXASPERATED PEDESTRIAN.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—In looking over an old commonplace book in my possession, I came upon the subjoined article from the Boston Transcript, which will serve to illustrate the remarkable difference between the temperature of the period mentioned, and the present winter.

The article is headed "Something to Remember," and reads as follows: "That on the 14th day of January, 1858, in the afternoon, men were sitting upon the grass on the Common sunning themselves, and that others were engaged with buckets of water upon the scaffolding of the new building on Franklin street, washing down the granite, and the crocuses were protruding their tops through, in the front yards in Beacon street. On the same day and date, the streets of Boston were sprinkled and swept as in midsummer."

J. M. R.

Midland Railroad.

We endeavored to get for publication the time-table of trains on this new route to the metropolis, but have not, as yet received one. The following note was received by a gentleman of this place in reply to inquiries of like nature:

JERSEY CITY, Jan. 22, 1872.
DEAR SIR:—We are now arranging a new time table for Montclair Division that will take effect on or before February 1st, by which a train will leave Jersey City at 5.30 P. M., and a later train in the morning reaching Jersey City at 10.30 A. M., which I hope will prove satisfactory. Shall be glad at any time to receive any suggestions from yourself or other patrons of the road in regard to running of our trains to meet the wants of the passengers.
Yours truly,
C. W. DOUGLAS, Supt.

A most shocking accident occurred in a rolling-mill in Pittsburg on Saturday afternoon last. A boy named James Welch, employed as a helper, was preparing to go home. It was his duty, however, before he left to uncouple his roll, and being in a hurry, he attempted to do so before the engine was stopped. His pants were caught in the machinery, and in an instant he was drawn through the rolls feet foremost and flung out on the opposite side a lifeless mass of flesh and bones, crushed almost flat. The space through which the body passed was only five inches, and it can be easily imagined how fearfully crushed and mangled it must have been. Deceased was eleven years of age, a good, industrious boy, and the only son of his parents. His father worked in the same mill, and it might almost be said the lad was killed before his eyes. The blow was terrible one to him, and the manifestations of his distress were of the most affecting character.

[For the Bloomfield Record.]

The Pine Woods.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—Little pine trees are a familiar sight in New Jersey, but I suppose few of your readers, at least of the younger ones, have seen the majestic forests that produce the lumber of which our houses are built. I thought it might interest them to visit the woods of Michigan with me.

Let us start from some lumbering village. There are a number of such on the railroads that have, during the past three years been extended north of Detroit and Milwaukee. Others can be reached at this time of the year only by a sleighride of from fifteen to a hundred and fifty miles. The village is a group of frame houses, some white, and others unpainted. There are no church spires, but there are perhaps three or four tall black chimneys rising from the corners of the largest buildings. These are the life of the town—I beg pardon of the good people—I should say city. There are no towns in this country, but plenty of cities. Well, these chimneys are the pride and the life of the city, for they mark the saw-mills. Nearly all are run by steam.

Let us borrow a horse and cutter from one of the lumbermen. The wind sweeps fierce and cold over the clearing, but soon the road becomes a track in the woods. There is no chopping. It winds as best it can among the trees. Its course is marked by blazes, but there is no need of noticing them, for it is well worn by daily use. This is the "boto-road," along which supplies are daily hauled to the camps. The tracks branching to the right and left a few miles apart lead to different camps. Ah, now we must plunge through the deep snow, for yonder is a loaded sled crawling heavily along and filling up the track. We must follow close behind till we come to a spot where there is room to pass between the trees. The driver is accommodating and waits for us. Now we can trot again.

This land, covered with pitch-pines, cedars and hemlocks is worthless. Now we come to a growth of Norway pines. They do not make lumber, but they are much used for piles in the rivers and harbors, etc., and are also cut into square timber. Here they grow tall and free from branches for the greater part of their height. Now we come to a real piney. These large white pines make our lumber. But it is nearly noon and we must call at the nearest camp for dinner, and here it is. Solid structures truly, to call camps! Three or four "shanties" solidly built of logs. They are large and low, being made of long logs. The roof is made of bark or "shakes" (wood split with the axe into rough boards. Step into the cook shanty. Here is one large room, furnished only with stove, tin dishes, and two or three long tables. The men are not in yet, but dinner is ready for us. A dainty meal of boiled mutton and potatoes, with a dipper of strong tea without milk, and a bit of dried-apple pie for dessert. But to an appetite whet by half a day's riding in the cold, dry air it is really delicious.

Time is precious. We must hasten on. The chore-boy has harnessed the horse and on we go. Here is a farm—a few acres cleared—nothing to be seen but a few black stumps above the snow, and a shanty. It is deserted—no cows to be fed, watered and milked. The farmer has raised only a few potatoes, which he hauled to the camp, and is probably spending the winter there chopping or driving a team. The woods close around us again. Mile after mile, hour after hour, we travel through the same scenery. Beneath us glitters the white snow; around, nothing is to be seen but the tall, dark trunks of the trees as far as the eye can reach among them. Far above us hang the green masses of foliage through which gleams here and there a bit of the sky.

I have heard persons speak of a sense of oppression on coming into a narrow valley, as if they were shut in a close cell and could hardly breathe. I have never felt that sensation in a valley, but I have felt it in the woods. As I looked aloft, it seemed dreadful to be buried one hundred and fifty feet deep. Looking around afforded no relief, for my gaze was lost in the endless expanse of forest, not a ray of light shining amid the dark trees in any direction. Then a feeling of awe has crept over me as I thought that the woods closing around me extended from lake to lake; dotted with clearings, but infinitesimal in comparison with the forest. The thought has been impressed that if I should forsake the beaten track. I might wander helplessly day after day and perish in the unknown depths. Last winter a young man wandered from a camp in Alcona County one Sunday afternoon. When he had been gone so long as to excite alarm, a party started in search of him. They followed his tracks and found the places where he had apparently slept Sunday, Monday and Tuesday nights. Thursday they found his body frozen at the foot of a fallen tree where with failing strength he had vainly sought shelter.

To tell distance in miles does not give a realizing sense of its extent to one who lives in a land covered with railroads. When he travels, he takes his seat in the cars and arrives in a few hours without effort or attention to the road. It is like being in one place and after a while in another without passing over the intervening country. Where there is no railroad within fifty miles one is susceptible to the impression of great extent.

CHARLEVOIX, Mich., Jan. 15th, 1873.

A sleighing party to Hackensack last Wednesday evening, says the Paterson Press, was made up of one cotton spinner, one fruit dealer, a lumber merchant, three grocers, two doctors and an undertaker. They report a pleasant time and no strikes.

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Professor at the German Theological Seminary,
222 Residence at Mrs. Johnson's, opposite Westminster Church, Bloomfield, N. J.

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